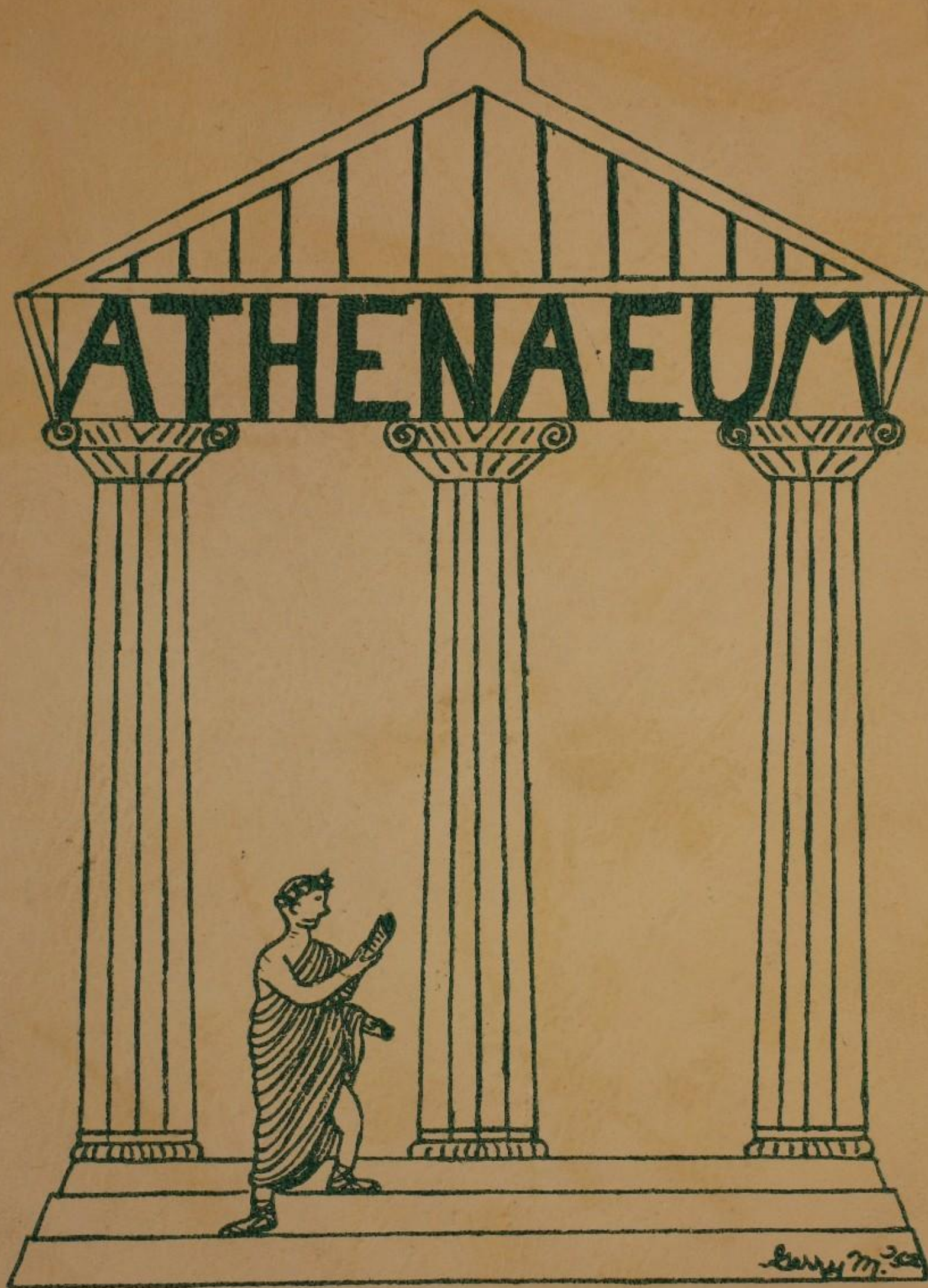






WE, THE STUDENTS OF SOMERSET ACADEMY,
DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF "THE ATHENAEUM" TO
ERNEST C. EATON

FACULTY



Faculty . . .

MRS. ABBIE HILTON, *Principal*, Colby

MRS. MARION FULLER, *Home Economics*, Nasson College

MR. ERNEST EATON, *Mathematics, Science*, University of Maine



Sitting: S. Davis, W. French, G. Mishou, N. Finnemore, B. Finnemore
 Second row: M. Patterson, E. French, R. Hayden, B. Corson, M. Farrin, G. Cross
 Third row: P. Tolman, H. Norman, C. Hall, R. Poland, L. Butterfield

Editor-in-Chief	GERALDINE MISHOU
Assistant	WELDON FRENCH
Business Manager	NORMAN FINNEMORE
Assistants	{ LARRY BUTTERFIELD BEVERLY FINNEMORE SUSAN DAVIS
Literary Editor	MADELYN FARRIN
Activities	CARROLL HALL
Sports	{ BEVERLY CORSON ROBERT POLAND
Home Economics	GRETA CROSS
Jokes and Humor	ROBERT HAYDEN
Alumni Editor	PAULINE TOLMAN

Class Representatives

Senior Class	{ MARIE PATTERSON HERBERT NORMAN
Junior Class	EDGAR STARBIRD
Sophomore Class	WANDA SMITH
Freshman Class	ELDON FRENCH

Our Thanks . . .

To Mr. Hall, for transportation to basketball games.

To Norman Finnemore, for transportation to games and practice.

To Richard Patterson, for transportation to basketball games.

To Mr. Patterson, for help to the school in our yearbook advertising.

To Mrs. Butterfield, for transportation to games and practice.

To Mr. Richard Brailey, for help in basketball.

To Mrs. Ellen Rowell, for her help to the Home Economics girls.

To Harmony H. S., for their cooperation in basketball.

To Mrs. J. Hilton, for transportation to games and practice.

To James Scott, for an active interest in school activities and raising money for a movie projector.

To ALL who gave their support to the school by going to games and school affairs.

To everyone who helped to make our magazine campaign successful.

To our advertisers, who made this yearbook possible.

Senior Class History

Four years ago, in the fall of 1948, the present senior class entered Somerset Academy as 13 very green freshmen.

During our first days at the Academy we were terrified by the upperclassmen's tales of the horrors that were to befall us during Freshman Initiation. Finally our day of doom came and I must say the sophomores really poured it on. The fairer sex of our class had to appear in men's clothing and on backwards at that!! Have you ever tried sitting down dressed out in an old pair of trousers that had the front where the back ought to be? It's no cinch, as we found out; and we did our share of squirming that day. The stronger sex (?) came in ladies' clothes; silk stockings and lipstick, with high heels and fancy hats. These big rugged boys also carried dolls for company.

Another dreaded ordeal we had to surmount was freshman speaking. For weeks we shuddered to think of appearing in public and reciting our pieces; when the big night finally came, our knees shook and our voices trembled as we struggled through our parts. Erald Kilkenny's hair-raising tale of the "Golden Arm" won first prize. Paul Jackson took second prize with "Uncle Podger Hangs A Picture." Pauline Tolman and Madelyn Farrin won honorable mentions. After overcoming these difficulties, we were at ease for the rest of the year.

We entered our sophomore year with 10 members, having lost Earl Forbus, Laura Wyman, and Amber Campbell. We came to school this second year with a feeling of superiority over the lowly freshmen, whom we initiated with even harder tasks than we had had ourselves and really gave them a hard time. At our first sophomore class meeting we elected our new class officers, as follows: president, Paul Jackson; vice-president, Madelyn Farrin; and as secretary and treasurer, Pauline Tolman. Before the year was out, we lost Paul Jackson and Vernice Leighty, thus leaving us a class of eight members. We produced two plays that year, "Gone With The Girls," for our own benefit, and "Feudin' In The Hills" for the School Association. Besides all

this, our members took an active part in both baseball and softball.

We began our junior year, quite grown up and all ready to settle down and really study. As a result of our new urge, all of our ranks shot up and we all became regular members of the honor roll. Of course we wished to keep up this fine work so our junior year was a serious, sober, and studious year. We did manage to break away from our studies long enough to elect our class officers, who were: president, Madelyn Farrin; vice-president, Pauline Tolman; and secretary-treasurer, Geraldine Mishou. We also managed to put on a play of our own, "Girls Are Like That," and to enter the one-act play contest between the four classes. Our "A Date With Bobby Sox" won second place. During this year a new sport was introduced, the sport of basketball; of course, our class members all took active parts in the game as well as baseball and softball; the school just couldn't get along without our athletic class. In our junior year, to our sorrow, we lost two more members, Cora Forbus and Erald Kilkenny, who transferred to Skowhegan.

Here we are at last, seniors. How long we have worked for that title, "Senior." We have slaved and studied for three long years, struggling through midyears and finals to reach our goal. Now that we have reached it, we are relaxing; we no longer slave and study, for we know most everything. One thing that we cannot explain, however, our ranks have dropped considerably. It must be that the senior year is difficult. We decided at the first of the year to continue our work and accomplish things, but now we wonder where all of our enthusiasm has gone.

We did, at least, get our senior play, "Look Out Lizzie," produced and will enter the one-act play contest. Again this year, as our policy has always been, we are taking active parts in sports.

Having lost Virginia Tuttle at the first of the school year, there are only five of our original 13 members remaining with graduation just around the corner. We often wish that all 13 of us who started high school four years ago could be with us on graduation day.

SENIORS



MADELYN FARRIN

Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3; Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Freshman Speaking; Yearbook Staff 3, 4; Class President 3, Vice-president 2; Treasurer, School Association 4; President, Home Ec. Club 4; Salutatorian, Senior Class.



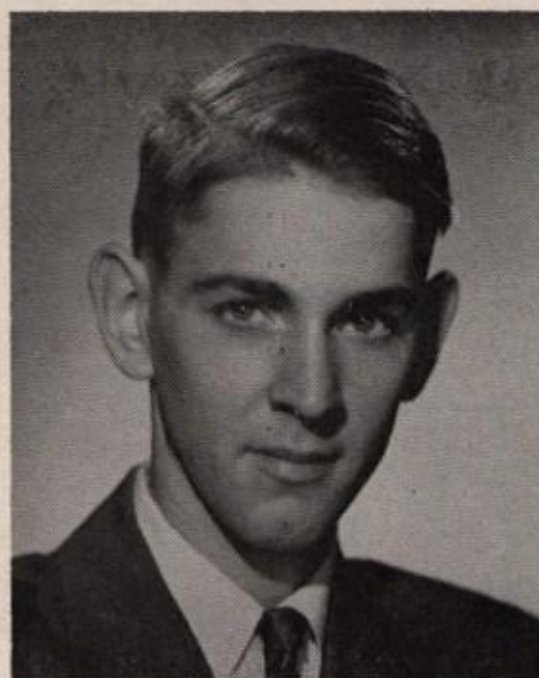
GERALDINE MISHOU

Basketball manager 3, 4; Softball scorer 2, 3, 4; Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3; Business manager of magazine campaign 4; Magazine campaign top salesman 4; Freshman Speaking;

Magazine Sales Award 4; Assistant Editor of Yearbook 3; Editor-in-chief of Yearbook 4; Class Secretary 3, 4; Secretary, School Association 4; Dirigo Girls State Representative 3; Valedictorian, Senior Class.

HERBERT NORMAN

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Track 3; Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Speaking; Yearbook Staff 3; Class President 4; School Association 4.



MARIE PATTERSON

Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Speaking; Yearbook Staff 3, 4; Track 3; Magazine Campaign 4; Perfect Attendance 3, 4.



PAULINE TOLMAN

Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3; Basketball 3, 4; Basketball Co-captain 4; Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Speaking; Yearbook Staff 3, 4; Class Secretary 2; Class Vice-president 4; Secretary of School Association 2; Treasurer of School Association 3. School Association 3.

*Like the winds of the sea are the winds of fate,
As we voyage along through life.*

*'Tis the set of the soul
That decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

*For all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike:
When you are the anvil, bear—
When you are the hammer, strike.*

EDWIN MARKHAM

Jack Frost's Magic

This morning as I was eating my breakfast, I glanced up and right before my eyes was a beautiful picture. I saw a grand old castle resting atop a slope; around the castle was a moat filled with sparkling water; across the moat lay an old, sturdy drawbridge. A knight in shining armor stood erect, his battle-axe raised in his hand for attack. Through the castle window I could see men moving about, and once in a while the bob of a helmet disclosed the presence of guards. I saw an old king, his jeweled crown sparkling like crystals, slowly descend to the drawbridge. But as the sun rose, it threw the complete scene into confusion. The castle crumbled and fell to the ground; the drawbridge sank slowly into the moat, which, in turn, seemed to evaporate into air. The old king and his knights just wilted and died before my eyes. Soon nothing was left but a crumpled heap; even this slowly dissolved and finally an occasional drop of water slowly finding its way to the window sill was all that remained of what was probably the world's greatest masterpiece, sketched on my window by that master magician, Jack Frost.

GERALDINE MISHOU '52

Excuse Me

The winter that I was 10 or 11 years old, Uncle Harry and my father were going to cut 20 cords of firewood for my grandfather and some for their own use.

The place they had picked to cut the wood was half a mile straight back into the woods. As it is hard for Dad to walk, they decided to build a shelter, make a stove out of an old oil drum and eat their lunches in the woods to save walking to the house and back. The men built the framework and Norman, Gib, and I filled it in with boughs.

It was our job every noon to take the lunches into the woods and prepare them on the oil drum stove.

One noon as we all sat around on the boughs after finishing dinner, a rabbit came across the road and whizzed through the door. Five bodies

simultaneously made a lunge for it but came up with only a handful of dirt. We tried to figure out why the rabbit ran through the camp and finally decided we must have built the camp over a rabbit run and it was just a routine trip for Mr. Rabbit.

ROBERT POLAND '53

Education for Success

Education for life does not consist wholly of book learning. Many of our country's greatest men never had any more schooling than a student in grammar school has today. The person who really wants to learn will become educated regardless of how little he goes to school. Listening to well informed people, asking questions, and remembering information are ways of learning, but experience, of course, is the best teacher. Great men like Franklin, Lincoln, and others of humble or average parents, who rose to great heights, had to work hard for that education which didn't come from books.

WELDON FRENCH '53

Modest I

During World War Two there were many incidents that failed to come to the attention of the public. In one of these (probably a major turning point in the war) a very important person played a prominent part—I. The story I am about to relate took place April 13, 1945, the day before my birthday; the location I will not disclose, for it might tend to embarrass some very prominent people. At this time of year this place is generally foggy and the day I speak of was no exception; in fact the fog was so thick, it was impossible for one to tell where he was going. The time was two o'clock in the morning and I had just come in from a walk when suddenly the air was split by the wail of the air raid siren. I was out of the house (being a privileged character I was granted a house instead of regular barracks) and into headquarters in a matter of minutes. For some reason which I can't seem to recall all planes but mine were grounded. It was decided that I would go up alone and try to hold

off the enemy until reinforcements arrived.

I climbed into the cockpit fully aware of the dangers that confronted me. It would be one against about 16 or 17 of the enemy. The fact that I was the only plane on our side helped because now I could shoot at anything and feel quite sure it wasn't a friendly plane.

I started the battle by shooting down six of my foes before they discovered where I was. After this the going was a little tough and the most I got at a time were three. The fight lasted about an hour. During that time I shot down or crippled 13 enemy planes and sent the rest home in rather swift departure. Upon landing I was rushed before the big boss who begged that I keep the battle secret as he might lose his job if it got around that all but one of his planes were laid up at one time. Being the modest fellow that I am, I consented to his plan without hesitation. It is for this reason that the newspapers never published my daring feat.

NORMAN FINNEMORE '53

My Neighbor's Radio

My neighbor has the oddest and noisiest radio that ever was manufactured. The make, I believe, is Philco; but that means nothing. I know of many Philco radios and none of these could ever equal, say nothing of surpassing, my neighbor's radio. It is the funniest contraption I have ever seen. It has no buttons to turn it off or on; it has no volume knob to turn it up or down; it is always going full blast; and worst of all it never breaks down like other radios do.

I got up at seven on Monday morning to find that radio blaring away at top volume. I didn't like this very well as I couldn't enjoy my breakfast with that horrible noise going on across the street.

About noon I was nearly fed up so I cut the antenna wire off close to the radio, thinking the thing would stop playing; but much to my surprise it played all the louder. So I went back home to think up a new way to stop this menace which was plaguing the neighborhood.

After many false starts I finally went to the gentleman's house to ask him if he would please

make less noise. When I knocked, nobody answered. After rapping on every window and nearly breaking down the front door, I discovered he wasn't at home; he had left on a week's vacation and had forgotten to turn the radio off.

ROBERT POLAND '53

My Unforgettable Moment

When I was three years old, I was playing on the floor with my year and a half old brother, when there came a knock on the door. I had just recently acquired the habit of answering the door, so before my mother could get there, I ran over and opened it myself. I just stood and looked, for there in front of me stood the smallest, queerest man I had ever seen. He was only about three feet tall, all dressed in a black tuxedo and a tall black hat. His face was very shiny and he had a big mouth. He was so terrible looking that I ran screaming to my mother for protection.

When safely attached to her skirt, I peeked out to see if the "man" was still there.

Much to my surprise, out from behind the door came father laughing. He picked up the monstrosity and by this time I could see that my little man was nothing more than a large doll dressed as Charlie McCarthy.

GERALDINE MISHOU '52

Escape from the Cannibals

One day several years ago I was asked by a government agency to explore a tropical island in the South Pacific. The purpose was to locate a great quantity of minerals which were necessary in the production of the atomic bomb. The United States wanted to secure these minerals before Russia, and despite the natives who were savage cannibals and head-hunters.

I packed my bag and took off for the island which cannot be named because it is a government secret. Accompanying me was a native guide, an ex-cannibal named Eatimup who was civilized. At the edge of civilization 100 miles from our destination, we engaged a small single-engine plane for the rest of the trip. I landed the

plane in a small bay on the southwest side of the island.

All went well for a few days and I had found where most of the ore lay. However, on the fifth day, as we were doing some last minute reconnoitering, all at once, out of the foliage charged 18 savage, bloodthirsty natives. One after another I fired my last six bullets and six of the cannibals lay dead; to no avail, faithful Eatimup and I couldn't get ahead in the battle. We were taken to the native village and put in a hut to await our fate. Then Eatimup started groaning, "Me got heap big ache. Last time me feelum this way was time me eatum baloney. All cannibals get heap sick if swallow baloney."

Next morning we were awakened and dragged to a fire over which hung a huge pot. When I learned that they were going to stew me, I got angry. In fact, I was boiling. I told them off. I reminded them how sweet, kind, and wonderful I was. The chief then interrupted and said, "Ugh, too much. We not eat you if you last man on earth, begone."

On our way home Eatimup remarked, "It heap-good for us that you full of baloney." I never did learn what he meant. I guess he just didn't appreciate my great speech to the chief.

WELDON FRENCH '53

It Should Have Worked

As I was reading the daily paper, an article caught my eye and I stared in disbelief. A movie star coming to Athens! And believe it or not, it was Clark Gable, my one and only heart throb. I quickly read the article and noticed that he would be at a party three days away; but how could I stand a chance against Marion Tuttle and Pearl Small, the town belles!

In dismay I went up to the attic and sat down by the window where I often spend my time when I am troubled. I was glancing around the room when suddenly I saw an old, dusty book. Curiously I picked it up. I was startled when I read the title, "Modern Witchcraft." I was about to put it back when a sudden thought came to me. The Love Potion! Could it be in there? Quickly I looked through the index; there it was.

Turning to the indicated page, I quickly found the recipe:

1 rotten egg, well beaten
1 cup stagnant water
5 cat claws, well ground
1 spear of hair from a person's head
Boil at midnight and chant these words,
"I wish I may, I wish I might, I wish
I'd get the wish I wish tonight."

With horror I closed the book and sat down, but my mind kept wandering back to it and soon I was making plans. Luck was with me! I had found an old rotten egg behind the barn only the day before. There was an old well in a vacant lot nearby; it was said to be stagnant. A neighbor's cat had been run over recently and was buried across the road, and my hair is always plentiful.

I took the rest of the day to get these ingredients together; but by nightfall I was ready. I went upstairs to my room and waited until 11:30. Quietly I crept downstairs and found an old kettle. When the clock struck 12, the mixture was boiling and I started chanting, "I wish I may, I wish I might, I wish I'd get the wish I wish tonight." Quickly I bottled the liquid and went back to bed to dream about the party.

I got ready for my venture early and slipped out before anyone saw me. My luck was still with me when I arrived at the party. A girl who was to be a waitress was sick and I was asked to take her place. Mr. Gable sat next to my table so it was easy to slip some of my concoction into his tea. I waited around, but nothing happened and to my disappointment Mr. Gable didn't even notice me. As soon as possible I left in dismay and hurried to the attic to read the recipe over again. I was ready to give up when I saw a small note at the bottom of the page. I read, "This potion will not work if mixed with tea leaves." In disgust I went to bed and decided, that once and for all, I was through with men.

BEVERLY FINNEMORE '55

Christy: Elwood is an awful flirt. I wouldn't trust him too far.

Marguerite: Huh, I wouldn't trust him too near.

The Peter Piper Pickle Company

The Peter Piper Pickle Company was started back in 1776 by old Peter Piper who set up the pickle business in an old shack on his farm in Lexington, Alaska. At that time he was 16 years old, and every year, generation after generation, it grew to be the world's largest pickle company.

The company is now run by Peter Piper XXIV who has over 200 pickle factories and is a multi-billionaire.

The company puts pickles up in ten-gallon cans, because when people buy a big jar of Peter Piper pickles, they would always want the largest one, so they sell all their pickles in ten-gallon cans.

All Peter Piper pickles are imported from Siberia and preserved in moth balls until they get to the United States, where they are taken by ox-cart to the Peter Piper pickle factory for manufacture.

So why don't you try the small, economy, ten-gallon jar today?

ROBERT HAYDEN '54

Woodland Voices

Mother Nature created many wonders in the woods which change as the seasons come and go.

In the spring while the ground is still damp, one can walk along almost noiselessly over soft mossy carpets listening to the birds chirp happily as they go about building new homes. Scampering through the trees the squirrels and chipmunks can be heard chattering back and forth. Breezes threading their way through tender leaves hum an unpitched tune, while the sound of soft ripples in the brook may mean a young doe is quietly drinking nearby. Everywhere is sensed the new awakening in Nature's realm.

Have you ever sat in silence on a blanket of needles among the pines on a warm summer day and watched little insects appear as they go about making the most of a short life? An ant scurries over the root of a tree, heading for a planned destination. Up the bark of the same tree works a small green worm, inch by inch. The only sound is the buzz of flies or the whine of an occasional

mosquito. All is at peace with the world and a more restful atmosphere cannot be found.

Fall is the noisiest time of the year. The leaves of the trees rustle as they fall to the ground in a multicolored shower. A deer, startled from its evening feeding, crashes off to safe haunts. Heard from beech to oak the steady jabber of the chipmunks can only mean that winter is hard by and time has come to hoard for long cold months. The whole forest world is ablaze in all its gay and boisterous parade.

"Tempus fugit." A quiet has descended over hill and valley. In one great sweep, overnight, an invisible band has erased the autumn splendor and color has given way to the purity of snow white. The hibernating animals have settled down to sleep and keep warm. The birds have long since left for sunnier climes. Only a huge white snowshoe rabbit or stray mouse ventures abroad to view the silent winter wonderland.

Yes, Mother Nature has provided for us an ever-changing panorama of sights and sounds that can never be duplicated by man. One has only to penetrate the deep woods to find a tranquillity needed to heal the wounds of a hectic and chaotic world.

MADelyn FARRIN '52

A Trip to the Moon

It is the day of June 1, 1965, when the moon is closest to the earth and we are ready to start on man's first flight in outer space. The name of the rocket ship is "The Great Dragon" and it is the largest ship of its kind. Accompanying me on this trip to the moon are Dr. Carroll Hall, radio operator Delmar Barker, co-pilot Douglas Farrin, Pvt. Eldon French and Pvt. Larry Butterfield, while I will be pilot and the one in full charge of the trip. We are taking plenty of oxygen, fuel, food, water and warm clothing.

It is now ten o'clock in the morning; we instruct someone to set off the rockets. There is a terrific roar, and I am set back in my seat so hard that I don't realize how fast we are going. Arriving outside of the gravitational region of the earth, I shut the motors off and coast the rest of the way to the moon at about the speed of light.

There is no air now so I turn on the oxygen tanks. We can see a giant planet, but I cannot name it because I can't get a good look at it. The sun looks like a giant ball that is all afire, floating in space. Nearing the moon now, I turn on the motors and put it in reverse, to try to slow up. (We must land with the nose of the ship pointing upward so it will be easier to take off for the return trip back to earth.) After a perfect landing we open the door and look around.

Delmar Barker is the first one to jump out and he goes up in the air about 30 feet and when he finally comes down, he is almost scared to death. Now the rest of us are getting out with caution; we find that gravity on the moon is much less than on the earth and with even a little jump we will go several feet into the air. We find the surface of the moon is so hot where the sun is shining on it that we can cook bacon and eggs for our lunch on a hot rock. There are many great mountains here, some of them being several miles high. We make many tests of the ground on the moon's surface and Eldon French is busy for several hours taking all the pictures he can get. From the moon the earth looks exactly like a globe used to look to us in school. Dr. Hall, with the help of Larry Butterfield, is trying to find herbs to make new medicines and finds three strange-looking plants that show promise. Uranium is so plentiful that we are going to take some back to the earth with us.

We are now getting ready to start back on our homeward trip; all are in the rocket ship but Delmar, who has found some tiny men about the size of mice. Our time is running out so we cannot stop to talk with the tiny men, so with Delmar aboard, we start the rockets and start off. Floating through space at about the speed of light, we are not long on the way home. We now find that Delmar has hidden three of the little men from the moon in his pocket, but it is too late to turn back. To my horror I sight the Pacific Ocean and we are heading directly for it. We try everything we can think of to turn the ship but to no avail; it is too late now; we must crash land. Splash! I wake up. My mother is standing over me with a pitcher of water. I am

in my own bed. It was all a dream, but how life-like it seemed!

ELWOOD PROUTY '54

On Christmas Shopping

Here I am, home at last! My, but it feels wonderful to sink into my nice, comfy, easy chair! Never again will I go through such an experience. No sir, I'll not wait another year to do my Christmas shopping at the last minute, and I'll tell you why. My back and head ache, my eye is turning black, and my poor old feet have corns as large as apples, if not larger. Why, there was such a mob downstreet, that it seemed as if the whole world was congregating in the stores! Have you ever been caught in a crowd like that? It's no joke, let me tell you. Everyone was bustling around, hurrying to do his last-minute buying, feet were stepping on everything and everyone, elbows were jabbing, and rough hands were shoving. I tried to buy a necktie for father and I ended up with a handkerchief. One has no choice in the direction that he goes! Next year I'll start my Christmas shopping in September; no, I'll even start earlier than that—August!

Well, here comes my friend, Sue! Come right in, Sue. How are you? Me? Oh, I'm fine and dandy, feel just wonderful! I've been doing my last-minute Christmas shopping. Yes, isn't it grand! I love the last-minute hustle and bustle, don't you? It is really heartwarming to see hundreds of people scurrying around to end their shopping. Doesn't one get a marvelous sensation to see everyone so happy and jolly? Each one is goodnaturedly pushing and bumping another; everybody seems to be laughing and talking among himself. What a merry time of year this is!

What's that you say, Sue? Do my Christmas shopping early! Me? I should say not! Why, I wouldn't miss doing my last-minute shopping for all the world! Do my shopping early indeed! Where is your Christmas spirit, Sue? I would no more even think of doing my shopping early than I would of doing my Monday's washing on Sunday.

GERALDINE MISHOU '52

Night Magic

When the sun goes down behind the tall pines and the sky grows dark, we wonder what makes the light dim and fade away. "It is Magic." We can see the sun set and its bright red golden rays across the sky. Then the color fades and the sky is black. We see the lights come on in each and every house, the car lights go swishing by, and all colored lights in every store are turned on, one by one. The night is lit up by the millions of stars that come twinkling out. The old man in the moon makes his way slowly from behind a cloud. The snow shines and sparkles like crystals when the stars and moon shine down upon it. The tall pines sway in the wind and you can hear the snapping and cracking of the ice-covered limbs as the shadows creep across the snow. Now the northern lights reflect across the deep black sky or you may see a star go shooting through the sky. All the little animals ascend into the open when everything is quiet to look the night over. Then the stars and moon fade away and the sun rises from the east for another day. But to us the night is full of Magic.

I Helped Build the U P Railroad

When there was talk of building a railroad from the East to the West, I was all ears. No one had to ask me to help because I volunteered before they had a chance. I thought they needed a few good men like me. Of course, then, I wasn't a little wizened up old man as I am now. I was a great big guy, all muscles, back in my younger days.

Well, we started laying the railroad. Let me tell you that it certainly wasn't an easy job and we had just a certain length of time to finish it in. We all worked from morning to night, and we worked steady.

Those Indians, they bothered us awfully; they kept tearing up the rails we had already laid and burning our supplies. It looked like they didn't like to see the road completed. Of course we had quite a few other difficulties too. Great numbers of our men quit 'cause they were afraid of the

Indians and several got killed. I stuck to it though. No old Indians were going to scare me.

A few days before we had the track completed, our big trouble came. I'll always remember that day 'cause it was my wife's birthday and I had forgotten to get her a present. I knew she would be "hopping mad." Well, about the middle of the day we saw dust rising in the distance. At a closer glance we could see figures and we knew we were in for it. The Indians were coming again, a whole band of them. They outnumbered us ten to one. What shelter was offered, we took. They put up a great fight, but so did we. Our men were dropping one by one. Finally all were gone except a very few, but those Indians had a few less men than when they came also. Someone had to get us out of this dilemma and it was up to me. Inching my way along, I sneaked out through the woods, found my horse and came in behind them. I had tied a large bush to my saddle and it kicked up a lot of dust. I guess that those Indians thought that a whole army had come 'cause they sure left in a hurry. The railroad went through on time.

PAULINE TOLMAN '52

Visiting a Movie Star

Have you ever gone to a movie showing your favorite actor and later wondered how you could possibly meet him? That was my experience.

One day after I had finished my shopping, I casually dropped into a late matinee. The picture being shown was "The Call of the Wild" and its hero was John Derek. What a gorgeous hunk of man! Here was a person I would like to meet, but how could it be arranged? I finally decided to pay Hollywood a visit.

I arrived on a noon-day train exhausted and hungry. After I freshened up, I picked out a small restaurant near the studio of John Derek. During my lunch, I kept an eye on the stars who were wandering in, but John was not to be seen. I couldn't delay leaving the restaurant any longer; I decided I would have to try some other way for an introduction. I was rising abruptly from my chair when all of a sudden there was a crash

and a bang, and in the instant I was covered with tomato juice and chicken fricasee.

Finally amid the laughter, I got the mess out of my eyes so I could see and much to my astonishment and his embarrassment, there stood John Derek in a waiter's uniform.

My chance was here but what a looking sight I was! He was very sorry and offered to do what he could; therefore I soon found myself in an actress' dressing room and in movie apparel with a much improved appearance. Suddenly there was a knock on the door, the curtain was going up! I was to be ready for my cue in five minutes.

There had been a mistake; they thought the real star was in her own room instead of me. Realizing the trouble, I ran out the door to find someone, but no one was in sight. There was nothing but to go back to the room and do as I had been told.

Then another knock was sounded on the door and a voice called, "On Stage." I started to reply, but the owner of the voice had gone. As I walked out into the lights, my knees shook, for in front of me stood John. I didn't know what to do or say, but all of a sudden the cameramen saw I wasn't the original star and a great commotion was spread to all parts of the country by television. I heard someone shout, "Cut the program off the air," just as I fainted.

When I was fully revived, John asked me for an explanation, so I told him the whole story, starting with the morning shopping, but I was ready to go home now. I had had all the movie star experience I wanted and the place I cared to see John Derek was on the screen with me in the audience.

MADelyn FARRIN '52

Pre-game Jitters

It is the day of the big game and the 16 year old finds school work difficult. As he tries to understand Shakespeare, his eyes keep turning toward the window where the warm, bright sunshine brings thoughts of the event of the afternoon. The muscles grow tense and he cannot sit

still as he thinks of the lanky southpaw who is going to pitch against him.

At last the bell rings; he welcomes the chance to get up and walk to algebra class. There the thoughts of logarithms and base-hits mingle as the teacher asks questions and receives unintelligent answers. When recess arrives, he hurries out on the ball field to enjoy some infield practice; then comes more studying. He tries to do some algebra problems and finds himself drawing diagrams of a baseball field and writing batting orders.

Finally comes the last period, American Government. This seems to be the longest class of the day as caucuses, presidential elections, etc., are discussed. While others' thoughts are on world events, he is worrying about what his batting average will be if he goes "o for 4." Now the great moment arrives as all studying and troubles cease and he rushes to the basement to get that uniform that isn't torn at the knee.

WELDON FRENCH '53

My Dream

Recently I had a dream that was very strange but beautiful. I dreamed I was walking along a country road when suddenly there was a flash of light and strains of music. Then I seemed to be floating in air. When my eyes cleared, I saw around me angels who were playing on harps and singing softly. All was very beautiful, but suddenly the music stopped and there was an unbearable silence. The skies around me were filled with a bright light that blinded and a powerful voice came to me saying, "Do unto others, as you would have others do unto you." The music started and it seemed as if I were being carried through space. When all had faded away and my eyes were once more clear, I found myself by the roadside.

Soon after I awoke and lay wondering about this strange dream. I'm sure it must have meant something. Was it an omen? Do dreams come true in real life, or are they just a delusion?

BEVERLY FINNEMORE '55

Coming of the Rankcards

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the cards;
They are trampling out my courage
Where my hopes of A's are stored.
They have loosed the fateful ranks
That cut me like a sword.
Those D's are marching on.

I have seen them in the drawers
Of the hundred circling files
While we await the teachers coming
With a face of woeful smiles.
I have read their righteous grades,
You can see a D for miles.
Those D's are marching on.

Horrors, horrors, horridulu jar
Those D's are marching on.

The D's are calling forth the trumpet
That is sounding my defeat;
They are passing me their D's and E's
And an A I'll never meet
Oh Pop, don't look when you sign this card
Or be swift for me my feet.
Those D's are marching on.
Those D's are marching on.

EDWIN LEIGHTON '54

Poor Little Duke

Into the schoolhouse Duke trotted
He rushed in thru the door;
The very first words that he uttered,
"I'll never study English no more."

Duke's lesson that day he had not read,
He said English was a bore;
Mrs. Hilton hit him over the head
And knocked him to the floor.

Down thru the main room Duke staggered,
He fell down by the door;
The very last words that he uttered,
"I'll never bark in school any more."

NATHALIE CORSON '54

PS —

Mrs. Hilton read this and kicked Nathalie,
She kicked her thru the door;
The very last words that Nathalie uttered,
"I'll never write poems any more."

Beverly's Ford

Bev, Norman, and her best friend Bill
Left in her Ford from Stickney Hill;
It had been in a wreck, and the gas was low
But her sweet little Ford would really go.

They were sailing along like a good Ford will
Down in the valley and up over the hill,
The road was smooth and made of tar
And there was nothing in front except one car.

It was an old Chev, so they gave it the bell
And sailed right by as easy as — well!
With her little foot pressed down to give it gas
There wasn't a car but what she could pass.

She knew that Ford would really go
In high, or second — or even low;
So speeding along thru town after town
She left the people spinning 'round and 'round.

They went sailing along, skipping the tar
When up behind them came another car.
She looked in the mirror, and what she saw
Sent her heart thumping, for this was the LAW!

Now Bev is cute, she really is nifty
But she couldn't argue when the Cop said "fifty,"
For the next few days she received her mail
In a red brick building called Skowhegan Jail.

Bev's little Ford, if it had the power of speech
This little story would like to teach:
One who travels Life's Highway at too fast a pace
Sometime, or other, loses more than a race.

JOYCE HUFF '54

Taxes

Tax, tax, that's all you hear.
Couldn't we live without the fear
That every time we turn around
Another tax is to be found?

Everytime we go into a store,
The clerk says, "One penny more,"
Makes no difference what we buy,
There's still another tax to try.

Our tax should be cut 25 per cent
Or everyone will have their money spent
The next thing to take is shirt or hat
They can't get cash, our pockets are flat.

CIVICS CLASS

Dates

A girl is always late for dates
The poor old boy just waits and waits.
In days gone by he'd stand and smile
And watch the girls go by in style,
But that was back in forty-six
That he loved to watch the passing chicks.
But now he doesn't like to wait,
His mood is in an awful state,
His face scowling 'till it hurts
Because they're wearing longer skirts.

MARION TUTTLE '55

My Favorite Teacher

Most students have a favorite
"And who is yours?" they ask.
But in our school to pick one
Would certainly be a task.

First let us now consider
A man who is really tops;
Between the yearbook and his classes
Mr. Eaton never stops.

Mrs. Fuller is in the Home Ec. room
She works so hard all day
Teaching the girls to cook and sew
She's wonderful in that way.

A person whom we all would miss
If she ever went away . . .
But let us hope she never will
Mrs. Hilton, you must stay.

I've tried and tried but all in vain
As you can plainly tell;
To pick a favorite can't be done
We like them all so well.

GERALDINE MISHOU '52

"Beverly's Revenge"

Oh, somewhere in this great land the sun is
shining bright,
And somewhere there is laughter, and children's
hearts are light;
And somewhere lives are happy, and joy is all
about,
But there is no joy in Athens: Mighty Bev Cor-
son had struck out.

There were sad hearts in Athens for a week or
more;

There were oaths and curses—every softball fan
was sore.

All her past fame was forgotten; she had com-
mitted a great crime,
They called her "Strike-out-Beverly," from the
coach all down the line.

The lane is long that never turns again,
And fate, though fickle, oft gives another chance
to men.

So Beverly smiled—her face no longer wore a
frown;

The pitcher who had struck her out now came
to town.

All Athens was assembled; fourteen fans had
come

To see the pitcher who had put Beverly on the
bum;

No one thought Athens had a chance; and with
the setting sun

Their hopes sank low—the other team was lead-
ing, "four to one."

The last half of the ninth came with no change
in the score;

But when the first man hit safe, their hopes
began to soar.

The din increased, the roar of fourteen shouts
was heard,

When the pitcher hit the second batter, and
walked the third.

Then a dismal groan was heard—a scowl was on
each face—

As Beverly walked up, bat in hand, and slowly
took her place.

They hissed and hooted as they cried, "Strike
her out,"

But Beverly gave no sign that she had even
heard the shout.

The pitcher twirled—was that a rifle shot?

A crack—and out in space you could see a tiny
dot;

Above the fence in center field, in rapid whirl-
ing flight

The ball sailed on—and was lost to sight.

Oh, somewhere in this great land clouds may
hide the sun,

And somewhere there is no laughter, and chil-
dren have no fun:

And somewhere over unhappy lives there hangs
a heavy pall;

But Athens' hearts are happy now—for Beverly
hit the ball.



N. Finnemore, R. Poland, W. French, L. Cooley

President	WELDON FRENCH
Vice-president	ROBERT POLAND
Secretary and Treasurer	NORMAN FINNEMORE

We started our third year at Somerset Academy with a class of seven boys but soon lost three members who were unable to continue. A few days after we had adjusted ourselves to the regular routine, we elected our class officers and made plans to raise money for our class trip to be taken at the end of our senior year.

The Junior class has been very active in all school activities, including school plays and all sports. Nearly all of the class tried out for, and played regularly, on the school baseball team last spring and on the basketball team this past season.

SOPHOMORES



Sitting: P. Small, D. Barker, S. Davis, B. Corson, C. Hall, M. Patterson, G. Cross
Second row: E. Prouty, L. Butterfield, J. Huff, E. Leighton, R. Hayden, N. Corson

President	.	.	.	BEVERLY CORSON
Vice-president	.	.	.	SUSAN DAVIS
Secretary-Treasurer	.	.	.	PEARL SMALL
Class Adviser	.	.	.	MR. EATON

At the present time our class has 14 members, eight girls and six boys. We lost one boy, Gerald Crowley from last year's class, but have gained new members from other schools. Joyce Huff transferred to our class from Foxcroft Academy, Susan Davis came to S A from Guilford High School, and Robert Hayden came back to Athens from Massachusetts after an absence of three years.

Members of our class have taken part in all school activities. Several members played on the boys' and the girls' basketball teams while those few that didn't get a chance to play will have their chance next year. Members that played this year were as follows:

Girls
Nathalie
Beverly
Susan
Pearl
Wanda

Boys
Larry
Carroll
Robert
Edwin
Delmar



Sitting: D. Farrin, E. French, M. Tuttle
 Second row: B. Finnemore, E. Post, C. Hayden

The Freshman class started the fall term with five girls and four boys but soon lost one of each as they were unable to continue. Both of the two that have been lost to our class were liked very much and we were sorry to see them leave. It was a few weeks before we all became acquainted with each other and the election of our class officers was several weeks in coming. We elected our officers as follows:

President		ELDON FRENCH
Vice-president	. . .	DOUGLAS FARRIN
Secretary-Treasurer	. .	MARION TUTTLE

When Freshman Initiation was held, which was on October 6, the sophomores dressed the freshman girls in overalls worn backwards, straw hats, and shirts made of old grain bags. The boys were dressed in women's dresses, earrings, high-heeled shoes and silk stockings, lipstick and other things that were thought of during the day. We are looking forward to next year when we can initiate the new freshman class and have made plans to give them an even harder time than we had.

I	dedicate this song	to
Susan	"You're Too Thin For Me"	Larry
Larry	"You're Too Fat For Me"	Susan
Joyce	"Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey"	Robert
Robert	"Give Me Five Minutes More"	Joyce
Evonne	"I'll Walk Alone"	Carroll
Carroll	"So Long Pal"	Evonne
Marguerite	"Baby Face"	Douglas
Douglas	"I Should Care"	Marguerite
Pauline	"Sleepy Time Boy"	Elwood
Elwood	"Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning"	Pauline
Madelyn	"I Wish I Could Hide Inside This Letter"	Edwin
Edwin	"No Letter Today"	Madelyn
Marie	"There's No One But You"	Bobby
Bobby	"A Gentleman Is A Dope"	Marie
Geraldine	"I'm Playing With Fire"	Lowell
Lowell	"Yes, I'm A Red Hot Papa"	Geraldine
Greta	"Never Trust A Man"	Herbert
Herbert	"Never Trust A Woman"	Greta
Pearl	"I'll Be Waiting"	Weldon
Weldon	"I'll Be There At 7 or 8 or Never"	Pearl
Harry	"Near You"	Beverly F.
Beverly F.	"That's My Desire"	Harry
Norman	"Does Baby Feel Alright?"	Nathalie
Nathalie	"Oh, Brother! !"	Norman
Beverly C.	"Show Me The Way To Go Home"	Eldon
Eldon	"I'm A Little Tipsy Myself"	Beverly
Marion	"In Your Merry Oldsmobile"	Delmar
Delmar	"Got Me A Car And A Girl"	Marion
Christie	"Smoke, Smoke That Pipe"	Edgar
Edgar	"Just Got To Have Another Cigarette"	Christie

Predictions of Things to Come

Name	Future Occupation	Pastime	Cause of Death	Favorite Character
M. Patterson	Lady Wrestler	Talking	Her first name	Mildred Burke
P. Tolman	Old Maid	Breaking hearts	Probably men	Helen of Troy
H. Norman	Army	Being quiet	Laryngitis	Adolf Hitler
M. Farrin	Getting Hitched	Dates	Waiting for June	Venus de Milo
G. Mishou	Paddling Own Canoe	Giggling	Tipping over	Chief Shooting Bull
R. Poland	U. S. President	Dreaming	Only 3 votes	H. S. T.
W. French	Play SS for Red Sox	Sports ?	Missed line drive	Ted Williams
N. Finnemore	Hell Driver	Riding a bus	Fell down	Lucky Teeter
L. Cooley	Fireman	Smoke, Smoke, Smoke	Smoke	Mrs. Murphy's Cow
D. Barker	Aviator	Thinking	Thinking of M.T.	Wright Bros.
L. Butterfield	Fixing Flat Tires	Fixing Flat S	Flat tire S.D.	B. F. Goodrich
S. Davis	Saleswoman	Selling ads	Sold an ad	Veronica Lake
J. Huff	Band Leader	Playing piano	The harp played	Perry Como
C. Hall	Contractor	Making things	Sawed in two	H. L. Diston
M. Patterson	Gossip Reporter	Peeking	Nose caught in door	Heda Hopper
E. Prouty	Gangster	Killing people	Arrested by Athens constable	J. Dillinger
E. Leighton	Comedian	Telling jokes	Laughed himself to death	Marx Bros.
R. Hayden	Playing for Harlem Globetrotters	Talking about Boston	Thrown through a basket by mistake	Goose Tatum
G. Cross	Double Crossing	Being cross	Too cross to live	Mad Marie Mellman
P. Small	Fishing for a diamond	Also pearls	Being small	Mrs.
N. Corson	? on summer evenings	Ask the Man in the Moon	? on summer evenings	"The Thing"
B. Corson	Playing for Los Angeles Rams	Yes, even basketball	Thrown, but it was no loss	Jungle Jim
B. Finnemore	Working for FORD MOTOR CO.	Driving a FORD	Wreck	Henry
E. French	Playing baseball with brother	Girls ?	Girls !	Dom Dimaggio
E. Post	Housewife	Hunting for a man	No man	Any man
D. Farrin	none	none	none	none
H. Starbird	Scientist	Examining things	Eaten by a dinosauria	Einstein
M. Tuttle	Heaven only knows	Can't you guess	Guess again	Cleopatra

Comic Strip Characters in S A

Joe Palooka	Delmar
Humphrey	Larry
Mickey Mouse	Bobby
Minnie Mouse	Christie
Goofy	Douglas
Maggie	Marie
Jiggs	Carroll
Dixie Dugan	Madelyn
Archie	Harry
Jughead	Edwin
Blondie	Susan
Dagwood	Eldon
Elmer	Duke
Red Ryder	Herbert
Alley Oop	Edgar
Foozy	Norman
Mary Worth	Geraldine
Bugs Bunny	Weldon
Sylvester	Lowell
Annie	Greta
Smilin' Jack	Elwood
Sable	Beverly C.
Phantom	Marion
Grandma	Evonne
Myrtle	Beverly F.
Patsy Walker	Pearl
Boots	Joyce
Little Abner	Robert
Daisy Mae	Nathalie
Little Lula	Marguerite

We Learn Every Day

There are 1,360 feet in a mile.

There are 322 feet in a rod.

There are two pecks in a bushel.

There are 162 inches in a yard.

There are 7,220 people in Athens.

The New England States and their capitol are:

State	Capitol
Maine	Augusta
Connituit	none
Vermont	none
Masscheetes	Sacramento
Pensildoneer	none
New York	Boston

W. Carolina	none
Newhomsue	none
Rhode I Land	none

School Initials

M. P.	Mad Person
P. T.	Pretty Tough
G. M.	Great Me
H. N.	Hard Nut
M. F.	Merry Flirt
E. S.	Eager Son
R. P.	Real Pest
W. F.	Wild Fellow
N. F.	No Force
L. C.	Last Chance
N. C.	Nice Carriage
B. C.	Be Careful
W. S.	Wild Scrape
G. C.	Great Chap
M. P.	Much Poison
P. S.	Poor Soup
E. P.	Empty Package
C. H.	Cold Heart
E. L.	Earn Little
R. H.	Real Horror
L. B.	Little Boy
D. B.	Don't Blush
J. H.	Just Heavenly
S. D.	She Does
M. T.	Mad Turtle
E. P.	Envious Past
C. H.	Cry Hard
B. F.	Beautiful Ford
E. F.	Elegant Fiddler
D. F.	Don't Flirt
H. S.	Heavy Sleeper

S A's Heroine

Height	Madelyn
Smile	Nathalie
Manners	Beverly F.
Complexion	Christie
Pep	Beverly C.

Norman: This dog will eat off your hand.
Douglas: That's what I'm afraid of.



Sitting: B. Corson, N. Corson, B. Finnemore, E. French
Second row: W. French, C. Hall, R. Poland, N. Finnemore

Who's Who in S A

	Girls	Boys
Politest	Madelyn	Carroll
Giggliest	Nathalie	Bobby H.
Quietest	Marie	Harry
Gabbiest	Marion	Edwin
Noisiest	Marguerite	Herbert
Cutest	Nathalie	Delmar
Most Modest	Geraldine	Carroll
Most Cheerful	Evonne	Bobby H.
Most Accomodating ...	Beverly F.	Robert P.

Most Pleasant	Susan	Norman
Best Disposition	Beverly C.	Robert P.
Best Manners	Beverly F.	Norman
Best Athlete	Beverly C.	Weldon
Best Looks	Pearl	Robert P.
Neatest	Madelyn	Eldon
Sportsmanship	Pauline	Weldon
Biggest Flirt	Marguerite	Bobby H.
Biggest Gossip	Pauline	Herbert
Prettiest Hair	Marion	Eldon
Prettiest Eyes	Susan	Larry

HUMOR

Geraldine: What did you do to your forehead?
Marguerite: I bit myself.
Geraldine: Hey, stupid, you couldn't reach it.
Marguerite: I stood on a chair.

Bobby H.: Weren't you excited when Douglas
bought you all those expensive presents?
Nathalie: No, I just remained calm and collected.

Lowell: I have often been compared to Clark
Gable.
Herbert: By whom?
Lowell: Marie, she seems to prefer Gable.

Delmar: I feel like socking Robert again.
Bobby H.: What do you mean, again?
Delmar: I felt like doing it once before.

Harry: It takes a lot of pull for a job like mine.
Edwin: You must have a good job; what is it?
Harry: Milking cows.

Edgar: We got thousands of things to eat.
Robert: What are they?
Edgar: Beans.

Joyce: What's the score?
Pearl: Nothing to nothing.
Joyce: Whose favor?

Mrs. Hilton: Now, Weldon, don't tell me you
don't know Lincoln's Gettysburg address.
Weldon: Gee, I didn't even know that he lived
there.

Beverly C.: I've got a cedar chest.
Beverly F.: That's wonderful. I've only got a
wooden leg.

Mrs. Hilton: Eldon, correct this sentence. Girls
is naturally prettier than boys.
Eldon French: Girls is artificially prettier than
boys.

Mrs. Hilton: In my opinion, what this team
needs is life.
Pauline: Oh no, thirty days would be enough.

Mr. Eaton: What pine has the longest needles?
Geraldine: The porcupine.

Carroll: Can you keep a secret?
Christie: I'll tell the world.

Robert asked Greta to join the school ping-
pong tourney.

"I need to improve my form and speed," Greta
replied.

"If you improve your form," said Robert,
"You're going to need all of the speed you can
muster."

"I don't want to scare you," said Geraldine to
Mrs. Hilton, "But if I don't get better grades,
someone is due for a licking."

Robert Poland: Do you believe in clubs for
women?

Norman Finnemore: Yes, if kindness fails.

Mr. Eaton: Name two shooting stars.
Elwood Prouty: Gene Autry and Roy Rogers.

Larry Butterfield: Does your dog have a license?
Susan Davis: No, he can't drive yet.

Madelyn Farrin: What tense is "I am beautiful."
Carroll Hall: Past.

Pauline: Will this liniment make me smart?
Mrs. Fuller: This is a medicine, not an educa-
tional course.

Greta: Do you like to dance, Pauline?
Pauline: No.
Greta: Why not?
Pauline: It's merely hugging set to music.
Greta: Well, what's wrong with that?
Pauline: The music.

Eldon: Doctor, will I be able to read after I get
my new glasses?
Doctor: Indeed you will.
Eldon: Gee, that will be great. I never could
read before.

Larry: Since I met my new girl I can't eat, I can't sleep, I can't drink.

Lowell: Why not?

Larry: I'm broke.

Mr. Eaton: What is cowhide chiefly used for?

Beverly Corson: To hold the cow together.

Elwood: Don't you think that Weldon dresses nattily?

Edwin: Natalie who?

Joyce Huff: Are you the Game Warden?

Game Warden: Yes, madam.

Joyce: Well, I'm thankful that I've found the right person at last. Could you suggest some games for a children's party?

Christie Hayden: Do you know who was the biggest gambler that ever lived?

Pearl Small: No—who?

Christie: Lady Godiva—she put all she had on one horse.

Weldon French: How about a little ride, cutie?

Marion Tuttle: Are you going North?

Weldon French: Yes, I am.

Marion Tuttle: Give my regards to the Eskimos.

Madelyn Farrin: If you were my husband, I'd give you poison.

Edwin Leighton: If I were your husband, I'd take it.

State Trooper: Why were you racing through town at this rate?

Larry Butterfield: My brakes aren't any good and I wanted to get home before I had an accident.

Evonne Post: My only sin is vanity. I look in the mirror every morning and think how beautiful I am.

Nathalie Corson: That's no sin—that's a mistake.

Beverly F.: Mother, teacher says I'm a problem child. Am I addition or subtraction?

Beverly Finnemore: My new shoes hurt me.

Norman Finnemore: No wonder. You have them on the wrong feet.

Beverly Finnemore: But, Norman, these are the only feet I have.

Judge: How many times have you been in court?

Mr. Eaton: Only once, your honor. That was 20 years ago.

Judge: Not a bad record. Where have you been since then?

Mr. Eaton: In the penitentiary.

Greta: Susan, if you don't wash your face, Larry won't kiss you goodnight.

Susan: That's what I've been thinking.

Harry Starbird: Isn't it strange that a man's arm is just as long as the distance around a girl's waist?

Delmar Barker: It is? Say, let's get a piece of string and find out.

Eldon French: We'd have won that basketball game if Weldon hadn't lost his head.

Beverly Corson: Was it that bad? I heard it was only a tooth.

Mrs. Hilton: Eldon, are you spitting in the wastebasket?

Eldon F.: No, but I'm coming pretty close to it.

Edwin: Paw, guess what? I learned to write.

Mr. Leighton: What did you learn to write, son?

Edwin: Don't know, Paw, I ain't learned to read yet.

Geraldine: You wouldn't punish me for something that I haven't done, would you?

Mrs. Hilton: Certainly not. What haven't you done?

Geraldine: My Latin homework.

Mrs. Fuller: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Marguerite: No wonder so many of us flunk our exams.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB



Sitting: S. Davis, B. Corson, Mrs. Fuller, M. Farrin, M. Patterson
Second row: E. Post, B. Finnemore, J. Huff, P. Small, M. Tuttle
Third row: C. Hayden, M. Patterson, G. Cross, N. Corson

President	.	.	.	BEVERLY CORSON
Vice-president	.	.	.	MADelyn FARRIN
Secretary-Treasurer	.	.	.	SUSAN DAVIS

At the first meeting of the Home Economics Club this fall the officers listed above were elected. This club is composed of all girls studying Home Economics and its purpose is to make plans for, and carry out any social functions that are connected with this department. The club also sponsors projects for the purpose of raising funds for the improvement of the Home Economics laboratory. The major project this year has been the sale of candy bars by the girls at recess and lunch periods.

The department was in need of another electric sewing machine due to the increased size of the clothing class. The trustees agreed to purchase one if the girls would share in the expense, which they were able to do.

Club members also rendered valuable assistance in soliciting and serving refreshments to members of the girls' and boys' basketball teams after the games.



P. Small, M. Patterson, M. Tuttle, B. Finnemore

This is the first year that Somerset Academy has had cheerleaders. They are Marion Tuttle, Pearl Small, Marguerite Patterson, and Beverly Finnemore. New uniforms of green and white were purchased, but as they did not arrive until late in the season, we could be only at the last few games. Several students in the school helped to make up some cheers, but there was little time to practice them. At the close of the last basketball season we decided to gather together several new cheers and to start practice early next year. None of the four cheerleaders are graduating, so we will have a more experienced group next year. Also we are in hopes of having a basketball floor nearer home next season, and if this could be had, we would have great help in our cheers from the home crowd. We will have more cheers and more experience when basketball season rolls around again and are sure that our teams will appreciate our moral support. In every game, YOU too, can help us cheer.



Sitting: H. Norman, C. Hall, R. Poland, W. French, R. Hayden
 Standing: D. Barker, N. Finnemore, E. Leighton, D. Farrin, L. Butterfield, E. French, E. Prouty

The first sports event to take place at Somerset Academy for the school year 1951-1952 was basketball. The usual track meet of the fall term of school was not held this year, although the boys thought this one of the better sporting events of the year. The UKV League, to which we belong, did not hold the meet last fall, and it is not known at the present time if another track event will be held in the future. Again this year we had no basketball court of our own, and had to practice and play all of our home games in Harmony. We lost 11 league games and also the tournament game with Albion; but with the help of Mr. Braily, we managed to win one game from Solon this year. The team was made up of the following boys as guards and forwards, with two of them taking turns at center.

Guards

J. Norman
 N. Finnemore
 C. Hall
 D. Barker
 L. Butterfield
 E. Starbird
 R. Hayden

Forwards

D. Farrin
 W. French
 R. Poland
 H. Norman
 E. Prouty
 H. Starbird
 E. French



Sitting: P. Small, B. Corson, P. Tolman, C. Hayden, M. Tuttle
Standing: M. Patterson, E. Post, S. Davis, G. Mishou, J. Huff, N. Corson, B. Finnemore

The girls' basketball squad started the season with a great handicap by losing five of its last year's players. Later, to our disappointment, Madelyn Farrin became injured and it was necessary for her to leave the team for the rest of the season. All home games and all practice sessions were, again this year, played in Harmony. The games were played mostly by inexperienced sophomores and freshmen except for one veteran forward, Pauline Tolman. Pauline and Beverly Corson represented the school at the All-Star game held at Bingham February 8. The team was made up of the following girls mostly playing these positions.

Forwards

Pauline Tolman
 Nathalie Corson
 Marguerite Patterson
 Pearl Small
 Susan Davis
 Marion Tuttle

Guards

Evonne Post
 Beverly Corson
 Joyce Huff
 Beverly Finnemore
 Christie Hayden
 Wanda Smith



B. Corson, P. Tolman, W. French, R. Hayden

Softball and baseball will open this season for the fourth year at Somerset Academy. Ten games of softball, and 11 games of baseball were played last season; few were won but good sportsmanship was displayed at all times. We regret to say that we lost four of our softball and two of our baseball players by the '51 graduation. Also three more of last year's baseball players have discontinued school or transferred to other towns. We hope that some of those that dropped out of school can be with us again in the fall term of '52. We hope to make up the losses with the several freshmen that will be out for these sports in the spring.



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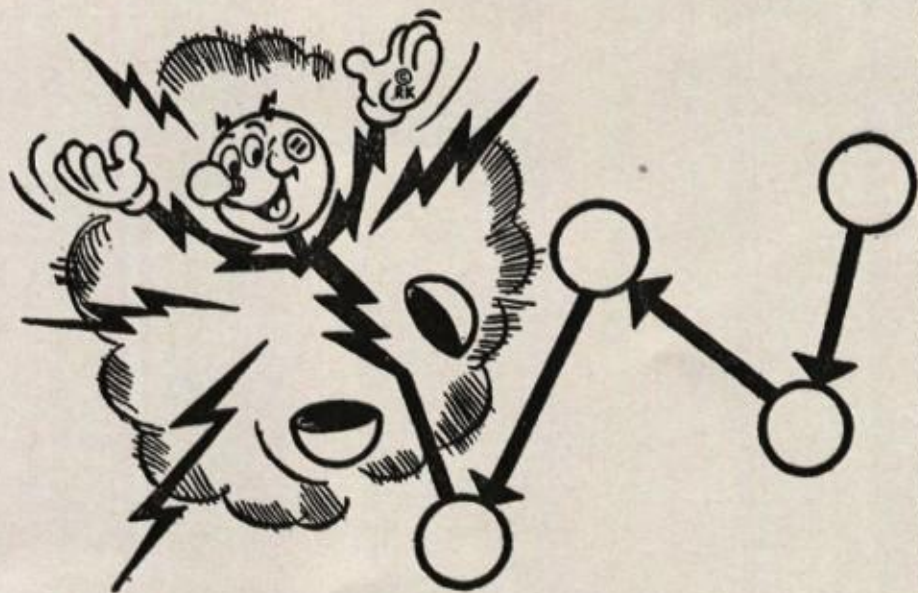
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